

# Six-Gun Heroes

10¢

10¢

IN THIS ISSUE:  
**HOPALONG  
CASSIDY**  
IN  
**ENEMIES OF  
THE WEST**



HOPALONG CASSIDY



SMILEY BURNETTE



ROCKY LANE



LASH LARUE

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## SIX-GUN HEROES



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AL JETTIE

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified  
as their covers by the words A. FAWCETT PUBLICATION.  
CAPT. MARVEL, ADVENTURE • THE MARVEL FAMILY • LASH LIVELY WESTERN • PAWFETT'S FURRY ANIMALS  
WHITE CACTUS • BATTLE STORIES OF DOUBLE GUNNERS • INDIAN CHIEF • CAVET MAYER WESTERN  
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KOD CACTUS WESTERN • SIX GUN HEROES • PAWFETT'S SPICY COMICS • MISTER MAMMOT, MAN AGAINST COME  
MISTER PICTURE COMICS • THE LITTLE WESTERN • MARVEL COMICS

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines  
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment. *Al A. Fawcett, Jr.* President

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

BANG! BANG! BANG!  
SLIM JAMISON'S GAMBLING HALL

IN ENEMIES OF THE WEST!

Starring  
WILLIAM BOYD



ONE DAY IN SHERIFF HOPALONG CASSIDY'S OFFICE...

HONOR, SHERIFF I WAS PASSING BY AND I THOUGHT I'D STOP AND ASK IF YOU WERE MAKING ANY PROGRESS IN STRIPPING OUT THE CROOKED GAMBLING HOUSE ON HORN IN TWIN RIVER.

I'M ON THE JOB, LEATHER GIRT YOU CAN DEPEND ON THAT!

DO YOU KNOW, SUSPECTING THAT SLIM JAMISON HAS BEEN RUNNING A CROOKED GAMBLING HOUSE IS DIFFERENT FROM PROVING IT.

I KNOW, HOPALONG, BUT SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE TO GET THAT PROOF!

I'VE PLANTED A DEPUTY IN THE GAMBLING HALL TO SET THE PROOF AND IN TEN MINUTES I'M GOING TO FIND IT!

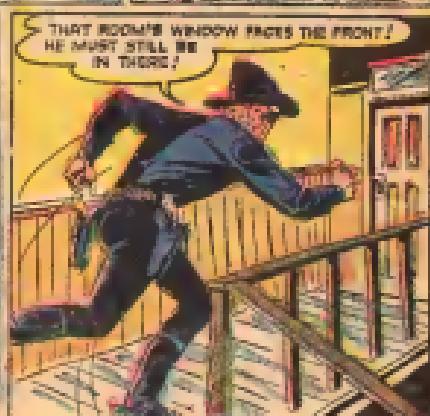
I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT, CASSIDY!

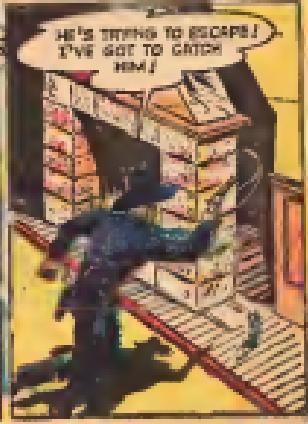


HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MILLIFORD

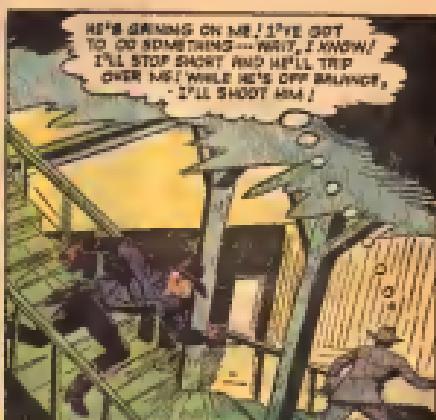
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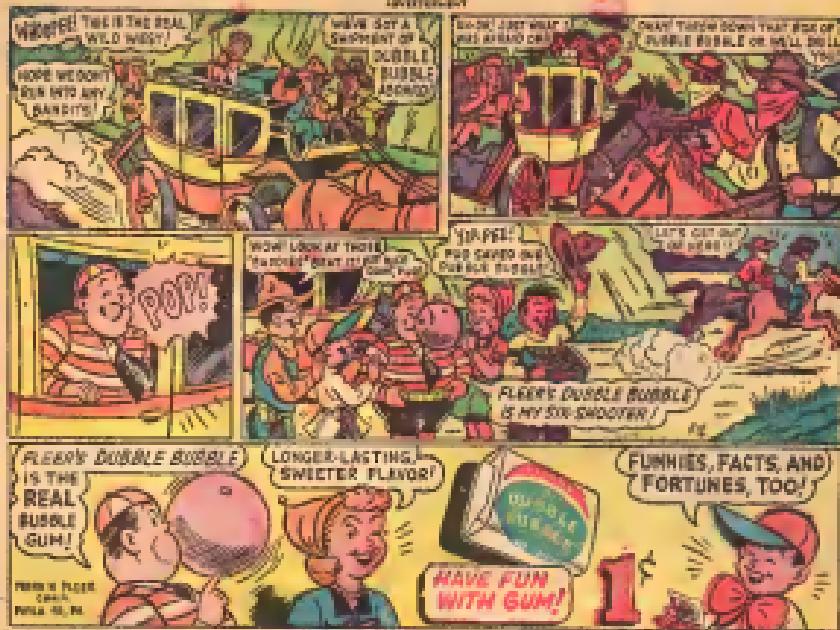
## SIX GUN HEROES



CONTINUE THE ADVENTURES OF KID BLOOD-CARDINAL, EVERY MONTH IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE AND IN **SIX GUN HEROES!**

# TEN GALLON TEX... ANT ANTICS!





## AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM CAPTAIN MARVEL!

BOYS AND GIRLS—THE POLIO SEASON MAY BE COMING AROUND AGAIN SOON. IF YOU WANT TO KEEP AS STRONG AND HEALTHY AS I AM, BE SURE AND FOLLOW THESE RULES...



BUT  
DO  
KEEP  
CLEAN!



THESE POLIO PREVENTION RULES ARE RECOMMENDED BY THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

# SMILEY BURNETTE



# DUCKING THE DESPERADOS!

SMILEY ACCUSED OF BLACKMAIL

SMILEY PRINTS SCANDAL SHEET

OH I'VE GOT A LITTLE PAL  
AND HER NAME IS DOODLE  
BUSH /  
SHE'S A GEESELY QUACKERBUSH  
AND SHE BRINGS ME LOTS  
OF LUCK !

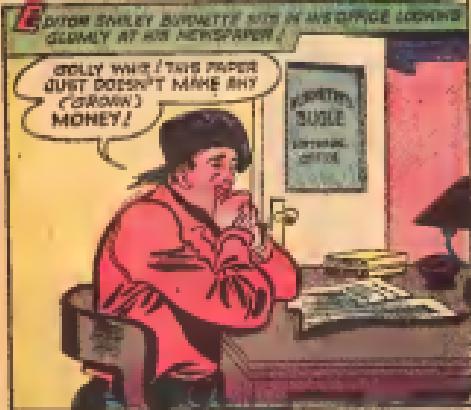
Many are the perils faced by the  
fearless editor of BURNETTE'S BIBLE,  
especially when he becomes involved  
in a sinister blackmail scheme!  
But with his new friend to egg  
him on, Smiley is determined  
to get the news by fair means  
or foul !

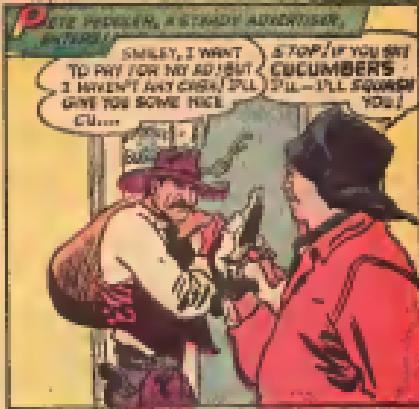
EDITOR SMILEY BURNETTE SAT IN HIS OFFICE LOOKING  
GLOOMILY AT HIS NEWSPAPER.

DOLLY WHO! THIS PAPER  
JUST DOESN'T MAKE ANY  
(GROWIN') MONEY!

AND NOT FAR AWAY  
IN A HOTEL ROOM,  
SITS A STRANGER  
LOOKING HOOTLY AT  
THE SAME PAPER!

NO THIS IS THE  
HOME TOWN PAPER.  
BOY, IT'S GOING TO BE  
A WHOPPING MONEY-  
MAKER FOR ME!



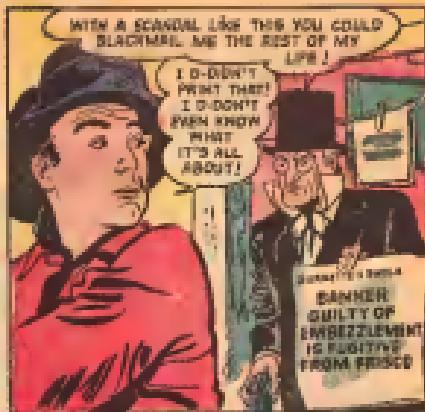


SIX GUN HEROES





SIX OWN HEROES



## SIX GUN HEROES



LET'S, RAYNE E. TYPE  
CONVENTED ALL /

I'M REALLY A PINTER,  
NOT AN AD MAN. I'VE  
TRAVELED ALL OVER  
THE WEST AND PICKED  
UP A LOT OF USEFUL  
INFORMATION /



OLLY WHIZ! WHEN I GET IT I'M GOING TO BUY DOODLE A WHOLE BARREL OF THE BUCHERER CUCH FOOD!



UGGGGH!

343

# LAMEBRAIN LEM... SOME CRUST



HUH? (GROAN) MUH STOMACH  
IS STARTING TO HURT!



(GROAN) OH, MUH  
STOMACH! (GROAN)  
MEBBIE THAR  
WLU SOMETHIN'-  
WRONG WITH  
THE PIE?



WHAR'S THE PLATE I GAVE  
YUH THE PIE ON,  
LAMEBRAIN?



DID YUH SAY YUH GAVE ME  
THE PIE ON A PLATE?

YES?...  
WHY?



(GROAN) I THOUGHT THAR WLU THE BOTTOM CRUST  
AND I ATE IT! (GROAN)



# SAPPY NAPPY



PAINLESS  
DENTISTRY

# GRRRRR GRRAAH!

LOOK AT THAT  
HORROR! SAPPY  
NAPPY IS MUST  
HAVE A TERRIBLE  
TOOTHACHE!

YEAH!



Lash LARUE

in

Daking chances is nothing new for LASH LARUE, but there's always the chance of taking one chance too many and that's what happens in THE DOUBLE SETUP!



## 24 DOUBLE SETUP!

IF THIS SHOT DOESN'T HOLD UP I'LL FALL AND BREAK EVERY BONE IN MY BODY, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN POSSIBLY CATCH THAT OUTLAW SO I HAVE TO TAKE THE CHANCE !

SHOE  
HIDES  
BOUTIQUE

AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S HEADQUARTERS...

ACCORDING TO THE SHERIFF OF GOSPEL VALLEY, LASH, ALL THE WOODLUMPS IN THAT TOWNSHIP HAVE JOINED TOGETHER UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF HODD HODD — AND NOW THE SHERIFF EXPECTS TROUBLE !

SUPPOSE I RIDE OUT TO GOSPEL VALLEY, CHIEF, AND HANG AROUND FOR A SPELL, JUST IN CASE THERE IS TROUBLE !



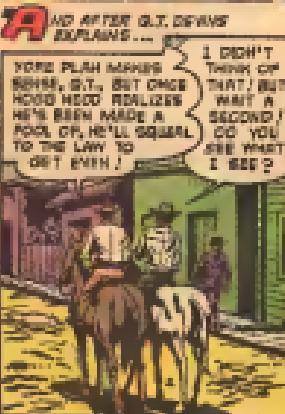
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU NEXT ASSIGNMENT IS, LASH !

I'LL LEAVE IMMEDIATELY, CHIEF !

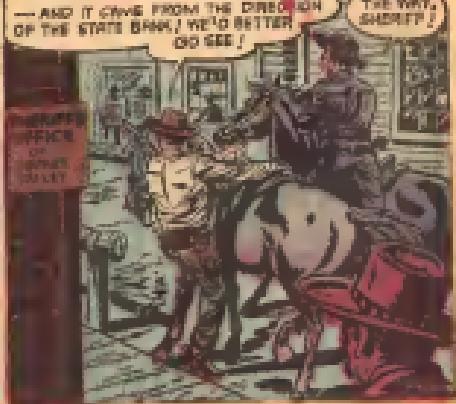
CHIEF MARSHAL  
U.S. DEPT. OF  
JUSTICE



## SIX GUN HEROES



## SIX GUN HEROES





## SIX GUN HEROES



DID YOU KNOW THIS SPRINGER? WARMINT, SHERIFF? YES, HE'S AN OUT-PISTOLIST! I'VE KNOWN HIM FOR A LONG TIME AS AN HONEST, UPRIGHT CITIZEN. BUT I'D BETTER DO SITTING HIM IN FOR QUESTIONING WHILE YOU TAKE THESE WARMINTS BACK TO THE JAILHOUSE, LASH!



SHORTLY AFTER...



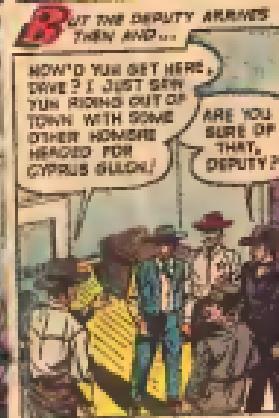
AT THAT MOMENT...

I SEE YEH & CREDIT HIM! CAUGHT WHO?



IT'S A LIE, I TELL YOU!

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT NOW, SPRINGER IS AN OUTLAW!



BUT THE DEPUTY ARRIVES  
THERE AND...

ARE YOU SURE OF THAT, DEPUTY?



OF COURSE!

MAYBE IT DOES!

IF THERE WAS ANOTHER HOMIE WHO LOOKED LIKE DAVE, HE MIGHT HAVE SET THIS WHOLE THING UP SO THE SUMMIE WOULD FALL ON SPRINGER!

YEH MEAN YEH THINK HE SENT HOGG HEDD AND HIS MEN TO BLOW UP THE SAFE IN THE STATE BANK TO KEEP US BUSY WHILE HE CLEARED OUT THE OTHER BANK?



EXACTLY! I'D BETTER RIDE OVER TO CYPRESS GULCH AND SEE IF I CAN PICK UP THE TRAIL OF THE WARMINT WHO LOOKS LIKE DAVE BEFORE HE DISAPPEARS ALTOGETHER!

HERE'S A PICTURE OF MYSELF! IF THAT HOMIE LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE ME, IT MIGHT MAKE IT EASIER FOR YOU TO FIND HIM!





## SIX GUN HEROES





# BANGTAIL BARGAINS



By Westbrook Wilson



**R**AWHIDE RED was a real good judge of horseflesh and he saw at once that the string of mounys was a bargain at the price. He turned to the bushy man who had introduced himself as Mr. Merk and who had just said, "Well? Satisfied?"

"These horses are sound of wind and limb, like you said," responded Red. "I'm willing to meet your price and I think I can make myself a little profit, selling them to the cavalry. But . . ."

Mr. Merk chuckled. "You're darn-tostin' you'll make a little money. You'll make a heap! But now I can tell you're wondering if there's something fishy about the deal. Well sir, I've got all the proper papers that go with these horses to show where I bought them. Everything's legal and aboveboard, and you'll get a bill of sale when you hand over the cash."

Quizzical wrinkles remained in Rawhide Red's forehead. The bushy man chuckled again. "You're wondering why I'm willing to unload them at this bargain price. Fact is, I've got to get rid of them fast. I realize I could wait and get twice as much—maybe even sell them to the cavalry myself. But my wife can't stand the climate out here and we've got to move back East. I've just got to unload."

Rawhide Red seemed satisfied with the explanation. He took a scuffed wallet from his pocket, extracted a number of wrinkled bills, and handed them over, accepting in exchange the bill of sale. He read it carefully, folded it into the wallet, and stuffed the wallet in his pocket.

Mr. Merk held out his hand as if to shake, stumbled and fell against Red. He apologized and said, "Blast it, I must've turned my ankle. She don't hurt bad, though. Well, as long now and good luck with the horses." In stumbling he bad, with one swift movement of his hand,

transferred the wallet from Red's pocket to his own. He mounted and rode away, waving and smiling.

As Mr. Merk was departing, Little Dipper, Rawhide Red's chief and only side, rode up. The Dipper squinted and frowned after the bushy man. "Who was that hombre?"

"Calls himself Mr. Merk. I just bought this string from him. Why?"

"Seems like I kind of know that hombre from some place," said Little Dipper. "Didn't get a good look at him, but there was something familiar about him. Merk you say? I don't recall that name."

"Maybe he's one of your old college chums."

"College?" snorted Little Dipper. "Say, are you ragging me? Only college I ever went to was reform school."

"Reform school?"

"Yeh. I got into some trouble when I was knee-high to a grasshopper and they put me in the kid's callaboose. By the time I got out I had decided that crime doesn't pay and I was going straight, but a couple of years later they grabbed me on suspicion and put me in the regular clunk. I was in there a month before they decided I was innocent. This all happened back East. I decided the climate around there wasn't too healthy for me, so I high-tailed it out here where nobody knew me. Say, I shouldn't be blabbing like this. Maybe you don't want a jailbird for an assistant."

"Stuff it," said Rawhide Red. "You reformed, didn't you? You go straight now, don't you? That suits me. I don't believe a man should be hounded just because he makes one mistake."

"You're a real pal, Red."

"Cut it. Come on, let's start moving these horses. We ought to get a pretty price for them at Fort Hamilton."

But they never reached the cavalry post,

## SIX COW HEROES

They had been on the trail less than two hours when the horsemen approached from the south. Red paid them little heed until, as they drew within gun range, he saw that the leader wore a star on his chest. The lawman ordered, "All right, mister. Reach it."

Facing the Sheriff's six-gun, Red raised his hands. "What's this all about?"

"The charge is horse-stealing," responded the lawman.

"Must be some mistake, Sheriff," said Red. "I'm a legitimate horse trader and these mounts have been bought and paid for. I've got the bill of sale right here in my wallet. It's . . ." His voice faded away as he reached his hand into his pocket and brought it out, empty.

"Well? Where's the bill of sale?" asked the lawman.

"It's . . . gone! I must've lost it!"

A familiar voice said, "Sheriff, don't waste time on this sidewinder. Don't let him bluff you. Of course, he has no bill of sale because he stole these horses from me. Let's string him up." The speaker was Mr. Mark!

Red realized that he had been framed, somehow, and that there was little he could do about it. At best he'd get a jail sentence, at worst he'd dangle on a rope. His protests would avail him nothing without the bill of sale. If he tried to make a run for it, the Sheriff or one of the deputies would gun him down. "Maybe Little Dipper can help me," he thought, and then he was aware that Dipper wasn't in sight. "Took a runout?" thought Red, bitterly.

True, Little Dipper was quietly circling away under cover of a thick pine growth. But he back tracked and rode up on the Sheriff's group from behind, while all their attention was centered on Red, while they listened with cynical smirks to Red's protestations of innocence. The Dipper paused for just a fraction of a second beside Mr. Mark, then pushed on forward toward the Sheriff, asking, "What's the trouble?"

"This horse thief has been caught red-handed. He's got a string of stolen cayuses and he claims he just the bill of sale. Isn't that a hot one?"

"Why sure enough he must be telling the truth," said The Dipper. "Happens I found this wallet just now and looking through it to see if I could locate the owner, I came across this bill of sale. It must be him."

He handed the wallet to Red with a wink. Red looked astonished, but he managed to mutter, "Why . . . thanks . . . stranger."

As the Sheriff examined the bill of sale, Mr. Mark whirled and spurred his horse. "Hey, stop that man!" roared the lawman. A deputy, firing from the hip, nipped Mark in the shoulder and toppled him from the steaming horse. "That hombre has tried to pull a fast one," continued the Sheriff. "He's going to have a heap of explaining to do. And he'll do it through prison bars!"

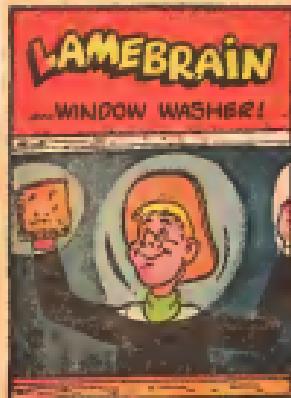
The lawman returned the bill of sale to Rawhide Red with apologies. He said, "Carry on, young man. Take your string on to Fort Hamilton and sell the cayuses. But on your way back, please drop in at my office. I'll need you back to testify against that schemer, Mr. Mark."

As they pushed along the trail toward Fort Hamilton, Rawhide Red said, "Little Dipper, you sure saved my skin by finding my wallet. But I still don't think you picked it up off the ground. I couldn't have lost it that-a-way."

"Well, no," said Little Dipper. "I actually found it in Mr. Mark's pocket. But since it really belonged to you, I wasn't stealing it!"

Red raised his eyebrows and stared at his companion. The Dipper chuckled. "When I got a good look at that hombre, I remembered where I had met him. He has put on weight, grown a beard and changed his name, but I recognized him. He's the chap who taught me to pick pockets!"

THE END



# Rocky Lane

## DEATH by the SUN

I HOPE YOU DON'T SELL THOSE STRIPS OF RAW CATTLE HIDES TO ANYONE, BLUE FEATHER! NOT MANY PEOPLE KNOW THAT THE HEAT OF THE SUN WILL SHRINK IT. ALL AN UNSCRUPULOUS HORSEMAN WOULD HAVE TO DO WOULD BE TO FIT IT AROUND AN UNSUSPECTING VICTIM'S NECK. LET THE SUN SHRINK IT AND THE RANCHER WOULD CHOKE THAT POOR PERSON TO DEATH!

DON'T WORRY, ROCKY! WE DON'T SELL RAW CATTLE HIDES TO ANYONE! AS SOON AS IT WAS MADE, WE TAKE FANCY LEATHER COOPS OUT OF IT!



WOOD! WELL,  
I'LL BE ON  
MY WAY!

GOODBYE,  
ROCKY!

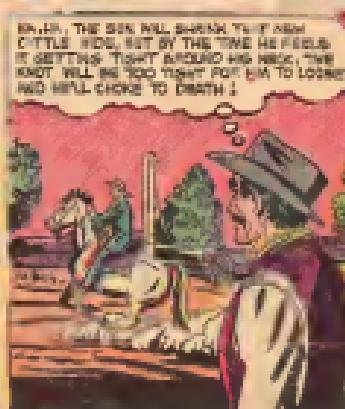
SHOOT THE LITTLE

AH, ROCKY'S AWAY! I CAN SELL  
A FEW STRIPS OF THESE RAW  
CATTLE HIDES.

NOW I AM FOLLOWING ON  
MY PLAN FOR THAT SOUTHERN  
LAWYER, HILL. I ASSUME ARKAN,  
FARNER, BEING HIS CAT HERD TO  
COLLECT THE TEN THOUSAND  
DOLLARS I OWE HIM!



## SIX GUN HEROES



### THE GUN HEROES



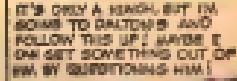
JIM FISH, JOSHUA PHILLIPS: THERE IS A FEW  
OF THEM CATTLE ARE AROUND HIS HOME.  
HE HAS STRANGLED IN IT.



I HAVE BAD NEWS  
FOR YOU, CHALONER! I  
FOUND YOUR DEER,  
STRANGLED TO DEATH BY  
A STAG OF BARN CATTLE  
WHO GOT ON THE  
FENCE!



I HAVE A HUNCH THAT PEACE OF SHIT KIDS THAT PUT AROUND HIS NECK ON PURPOSE —— AND THAT DUNLOP IS THE MURDERER; DUNLOP MUST HAVE KILLED 'EM SO HE WOULDN'T HAVE TO PAY THEM THE MONEY HE OWE'D AGAIN. FINGERED. I BETTER KNOW DUNLOP. DUNLOP DON'T HAVE THE MONEY TO SETTLE THE ACCOUNT!



DR. KODD DACTON IS SAYING HE  
PAID HILL, BUT HE'S BROKE;  
THAT COULD BE A SMART WAY  
FOR HIM TO CLAIM HE SETTLED  
THE ACCOUNT.





## SIX GUN HEROES

FIRST I'LL MAKE SURE  
YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO  
DO ANYTHING!



IT'S A GOOD THING I  
HAD THOSE TWO STRIPS OF  
RAW CATTLE HIDE THIS  
MORNING! AS SOON AS  
I TIE UP ROCKY, I'LL PUT  
THE BROAD PIECE  
ACROSS HIS NECK!



BY THE TIME YOU MAKE  
UP, ROCKY, IT'LL BE TOO  
LATE!



NOW I'LL PUT YOU IN A RAZOR  
AND TAKE YOU OUT TO A  
LOVELY PLACE WHERE THE  
HEAT OF THE SUN CAN  
SHRINK THAT MAW YAT TUE  
HIDE AROUND YOUR NECK  
AND STRANGLE YOU TO  
DEATH, TOO!



LIBERTY AFTER ---

IN THE TIME THE SUN SHINES,  
ROCKY WILL BE DEAD. SO I'LL  
BE SAFE!



SHORT WHILE LATER...

I WAS RIGHT! DACTON  
IS THE ROBBERS' LEADER.  
I FEEL A PIECE OF RAW  
CATTLE HIDE TIED AROUND  
MY NECK!



(GASP!) THE SUN  
IS SHINING! IT'S  
GETTING  
TIGHTER, AND  
TIGHTER. I'LL  
BE CHOKED  
TO DEATH!



(GASP!) I'M AFRAID I'M A  
GHOST, THIS TIME!





BIG GUN HEROES



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